



1  
NOV 94  
\$1.95 US  
\$2.75 CAN  
£1.25 UK

# STARMAN



ROBINSON  
HARRIS  
VON GRAWBRDGER



HARRIS 94

THE SHADOWY,  
SHADOWY  
GENTLEMAN  
SIGHS.

A WORRIED SIGH.  
FOR HIS CITY. HIS  
HOME.

HE SCRATCHES HIS  
EAR AND SIPs HIS  
ABSINTHE, DABS AN  
ELEGANT LACE NAPKIN  
TO HIS LIPS... AND  
CONTINUES TO WRITE.

HIS JOURNAL. OBSERVATIONS.  
INK ON PAPER.

"OPAL CITY HAS BEEN THE SAME OLD, SAME  
OLD. FOR HOW LONG? A DECADE? TWO, PERHAPS?

"Truly, it ALL  
begins to blur  
after a while."



THE CRIMES  
YESTERDAY. WIDESPREAD  
AND WITH A STARTLING  
DEGREE OF APPARENT  
ORCHESTRATION, THE "NIGHT  
OF FIRE," AS IT'S BEEN DUBBED,  
ALREADY CLAIMING FORTY-  
THREE LIVES DURING THE  
MANY ROBBERIES  
AND ASSAULTS THAT  
HAVE OCCURRED.

WITH ME  
NOW TO  
COMMENT  
ON THIS--



"The only change of late had been  
a new Starmen. Bumbling, fumbling,  
trying to find his feet.

"And FAILING. A bullet in the  
chest made sure of that.

"INDEED. If the news  
reports are to be  
believed, the same old,  
same old of Opal City  
is dead and gone along  
WITH him.

"The city is under  
siege. Crime is  
now EVERYWHERE.  
Overnight this is.  
SUDDEN. Rampant.  
The Police appear  
powerless. Unable  
to cope with the  
sheer MULTITUDE of  
offenses."

--CARROW,  
POLICE  
ANALYST...

LIEUTENANT CARROW,  
YOUR FEELINGS ON THIS  
SITUATION ARE...?

AS FAR AS WE CAN  
ASCERTAIN, THESE AREN'T  
RANDOM... THE CRIMES.  
THAT IS, THEY'RE PLANNED,  
EVERYTHING LINKED.

5

SMALL  
CRIMES  
DIVERTING US  
FROM BIG ONES.  
THOSE, IN TURN,  
KEEP US FROM EVEN  
BIGGER HEISTS--

BLAMM

JEWELS



THE SHADDOY, SHADDOY GENTLEMAN CLOSES HIS JOURNAL. FOR NOW, HE'S WRITTEN ENOUGH.

HE SIGHS AGAIN AND DRAINS HIS GLASS AND PONDER'S IF HE SHOULD POUR ANOTHER...

...OR TAKE THE LATE, LATE, LATE NIGHT AIR.

TO SEE FIRSTHAND... HOW BAD IT IS ON OPAL CITY'S STREETS.

HIS CITY. HIS HOME.



SO IN YOUR OPINION, THIS... "NIGHT OF FIRE" IS THE STRATEGY OF ONE MAN... A MASTERMIND!

YES, THAT... MIGHT... INDEED BE THE CASE. OF COURSE...

...ANOTHER THEORY IS THAT WHEN THE "NEWS" FINALLY BROKE, IT EMBOLDENED THE OPAL CITY CRIMINAL COMMUNITY TO ARISE EN MASSE.

THIS "NEWS" BEING FOR THOSE OF YOU TUNING IN LATE...



"...THAT STARMAN  
IS DEAD."

EXCUSE  
ME...

## SINS OF THE FATHER PART TWO

# OIL (PAINT) AND WATER

JAMES ROBINSON  
WRITER

• TONY HARRIS  
PENCILLER

WADE VON GRABADGER  
INKER

• JOHN WORKMAN  
LETTERER

GREGORY WRIGHT  
COLORIST

• CHUCK KIM  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

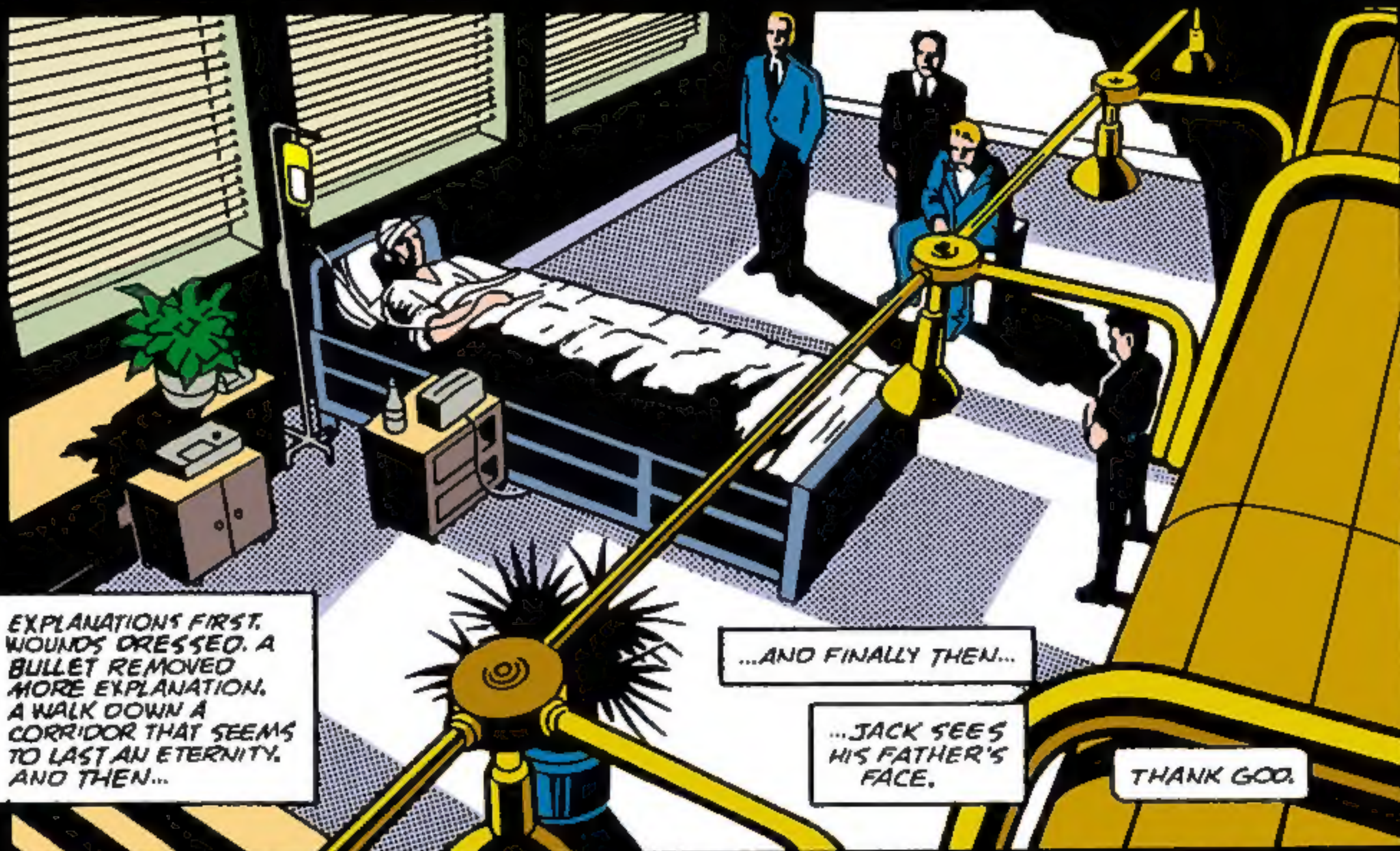
JIM SPIVEY  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

• ARCHIE GOODWIN  
EDITOR

**+ EMERGENCY**

...I'M  
LOOKING  
FOR MY  
FATHER.



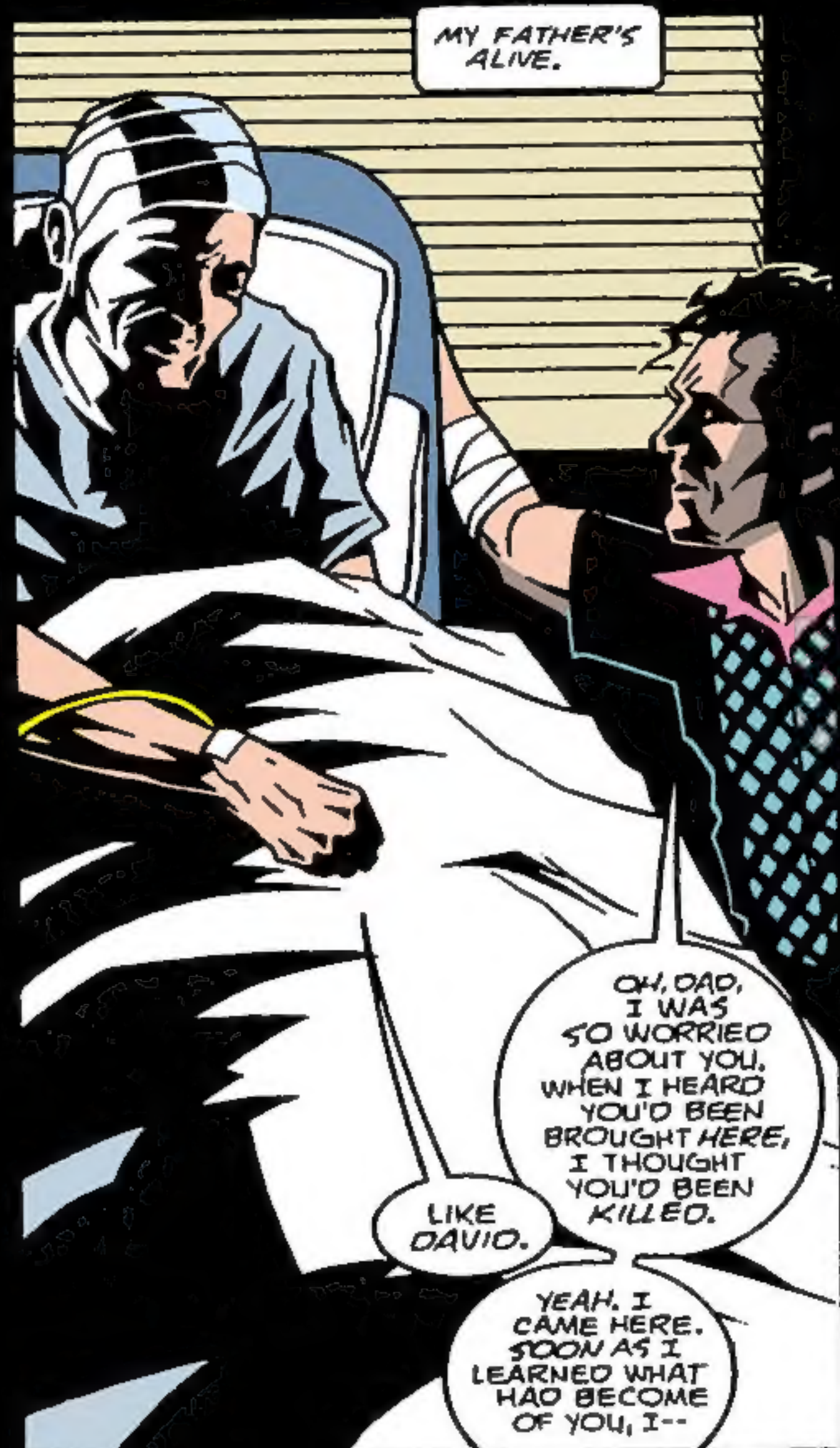


EXPLANATIONS FIRST. WOUNDS DRESSED. A BULLET REMOVED. MORE EXPLANATION. A WALK DOWN A CORRIDOR THAT SEEMS TO LAST AN ETERNITY. AND THEN...

...AND FINALLY THEN...

...JACK SEES HIS FATHER'S FACE.

THANK GOD.



MY FATHER'S ALIVE.

LIKE DAVID.

OH, DAD, I WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU. WHEN I HEARD YOU'D BEEN BROUGHT HERE, I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN KILLED.

YEAH. I CAME HERE. SOON AS I LEARNED WHAT HAD BECOME OF YOU, I--



I--I STAYED ALIVE.



YOU STAYED ALIVE. MORE THAN YOUR POOR BROTHER DAVEY MANAGED.

DAVID. HAVEN'T EVEN THOUGHT ABOUT...

YES, BUT I WAS ATTACKED  
I'VE JUST COME FROM HAVING  
MY LEG TREATED. A BULLET  
TAKEN OUT. MAN, THIS HAS  
BEEN THE WORST,  
WILDEST--

ERRR...AND  
WHO ARE YOU  
GUYS? DO I  
KNOW YOU?

WE'RE THE  
O'DARES.  
ALL OF US--  
BROTHERS.

THAT'S RIGHT,  
MISTER KNIGHT...  
JACK HAD  
BEEN SHOT.

REALLY?  
LOOKING AT YOU  
IN A ROW LIKE  
THIS. I'D NEVER  
HAVE GUESSED.

WHAT'S YOUR  
BUSINESS WITH  
MY FATHER?

WE'RE  
ALSO ALL POLICE,  
OPAL CITY POLICE.  
WHEN WE HEARD ABOUT  
YOUR FATHER BEING  
HURT 'N' ALL, WE FIGURED  
HE MIGHT NEED PRO-  
TECTION. WHOEVER  
TRIED TO GET HIM  
WITH THE BOMB  
MIGHT TRY AGAIN  
...TRY TO DO THE  
KILLING  
RIGHT.

YES,  
WELL,  
ERR...

THANKS  
FOR THE  
CONCERN...  
I GUESS.  
I...UM...

DAVID...I...  
HE'S DEAD.  
HE'S--

DAD.

JACK.

WHAT  
SHOULD WE  
DO? NOW, DAVID'S  
MURDER. THE  
POLICE, ARE THEY  
ON IT? YOU?  
ARE YOU--

WE TOOK OFF FROM  
WORK, ALL OF US, CAME  
TO THE HOSPITAL WHEN  
WE HEARD ABOUT MISTER  
KNIGHT HERE. I COULD  
FIND OUT, THOUGH...  
WHAT THE DETECTIVES  
ARE DOING ABOUT  
YOUR BROTHER'S  
DEATH.

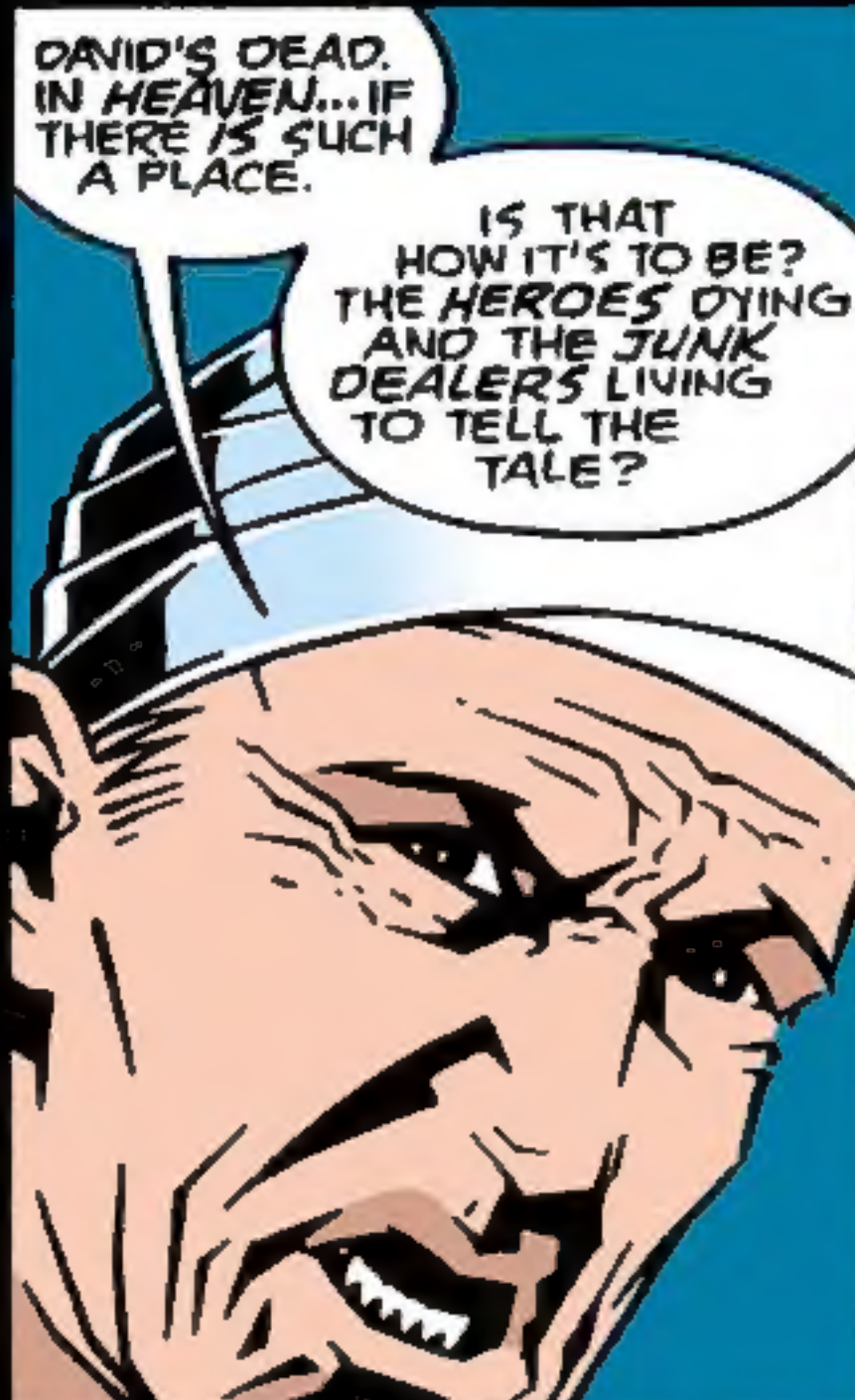
NO, HE WANTED  
TO BE A HERO. TO  
WEAR THE "SILLY  
COSTUME" AS MY  
NOT-SO-HEROIC SON  
HERE CALLED IT. AND  
DAVID DIED.

DAD, I'M SORRY...  
ABOUT DAVEY. BUT  
PLEASE DON'T CALL  
ME THAT... PLEASE...  
I... I WAS SHOT,  
TOO. MY SHOP WAS  
BLOWN UP.  
I'VE BEEN  
THROUGH--

MAKE  
A PHONE  
CALL.

NO, NO, NO.  
DAVID'S DEAD.  
THERE'S REALLY  
NOTHING TO BE DONE.  
FOR THE MOMENT,  
ANYWAY.

HELL?  
PERHAPS,  
BUT YOU  
RETURNED FROM  
IT, TOO. YOU'RE  
HERE TO TELL THE  
TALE AND BOTHER  
ME WITH IT.



DAVID'S DEAD. IN HEAVEN...IF THERE IS SUCH A PLACE.

IS THAT HOW IT'S TO BE? THE HEROES DYING AND THE JUNK DEALERS LIVING TO TELL THE TALE?



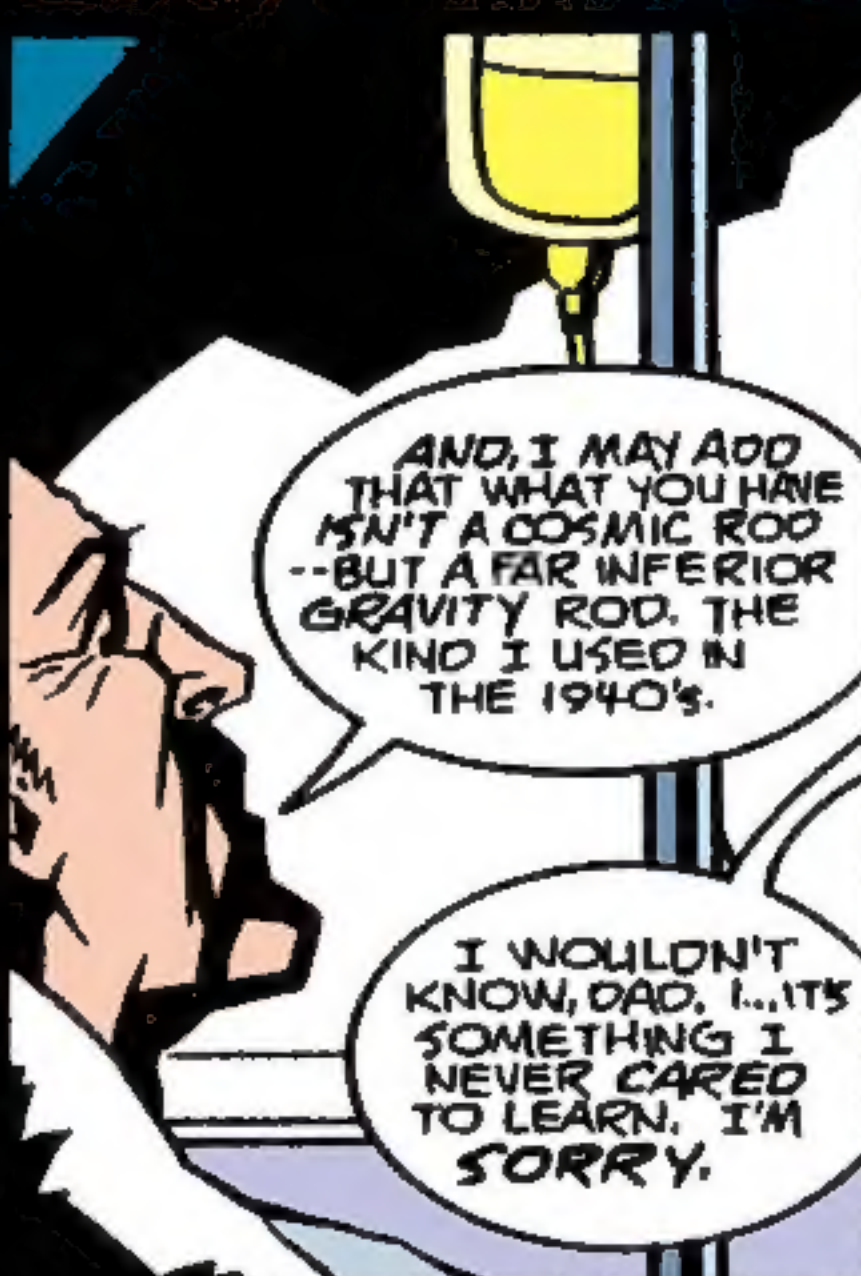
I HUNG ON TO THE COSMIC ROD YOU GAVE ME. I DID THAT, AT LEAST.

AND YOU LOST THE COSMIC BELT. SOME MANIAC HAS IT, FROM WHAT I HEAR ON THE NEWS REPORTS.



HE... IF IT'S THE SAME GUY... HE SAID HE KILLED DAVID.

OH, GOOD. WHAT WONDERFUL NEWS YOU BRING ME, DAVID'S KILLER HAS ONE OF MY COSMIC DEVICES. BRAVO, JACK.

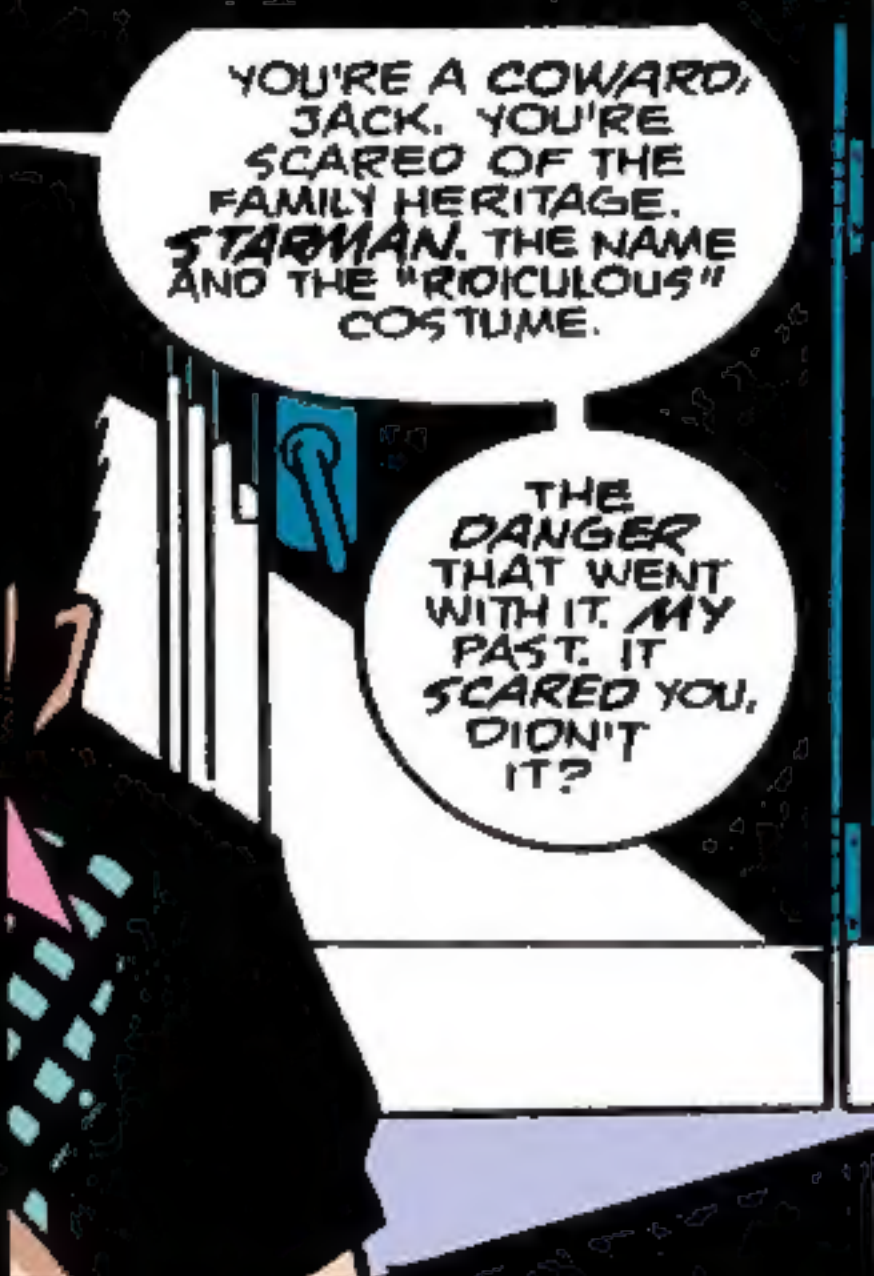


AND, I MAY ADD THAT WHAT YOU HAVE ISN'T A COSMIC ROD -- BUT A FAR INFERIOR GRAVITY ROD. THE KIND I USED IN THE 1940'S.

I WOULDN'T KNOW, DAD. I... IT'S SOMETHING I NEVER CARED TO LEARN. I'M SORRY.



YOU'RE NOT SORRY, SO DON'T LIE AND SAY YOU ARE. YOU DON'T CARE. NOT REALLY, NOT ABOUT DAVID'S DEATH, NOT ABOUT ANY OF THIS. I KNOW YOU, SON. TOO WELL I KNOW YOU.



YOU'RE A COWARD, JACK. YOU'RE SCARED OF THE FAMILY HERITAGE. **STARMAN**. THE NAME AND THE "RIDICULOUS" COSTUME.

THE DANGER THAT WENT WITH IT. MY PAST. IT SCARED YOU, DIDN'T IT?

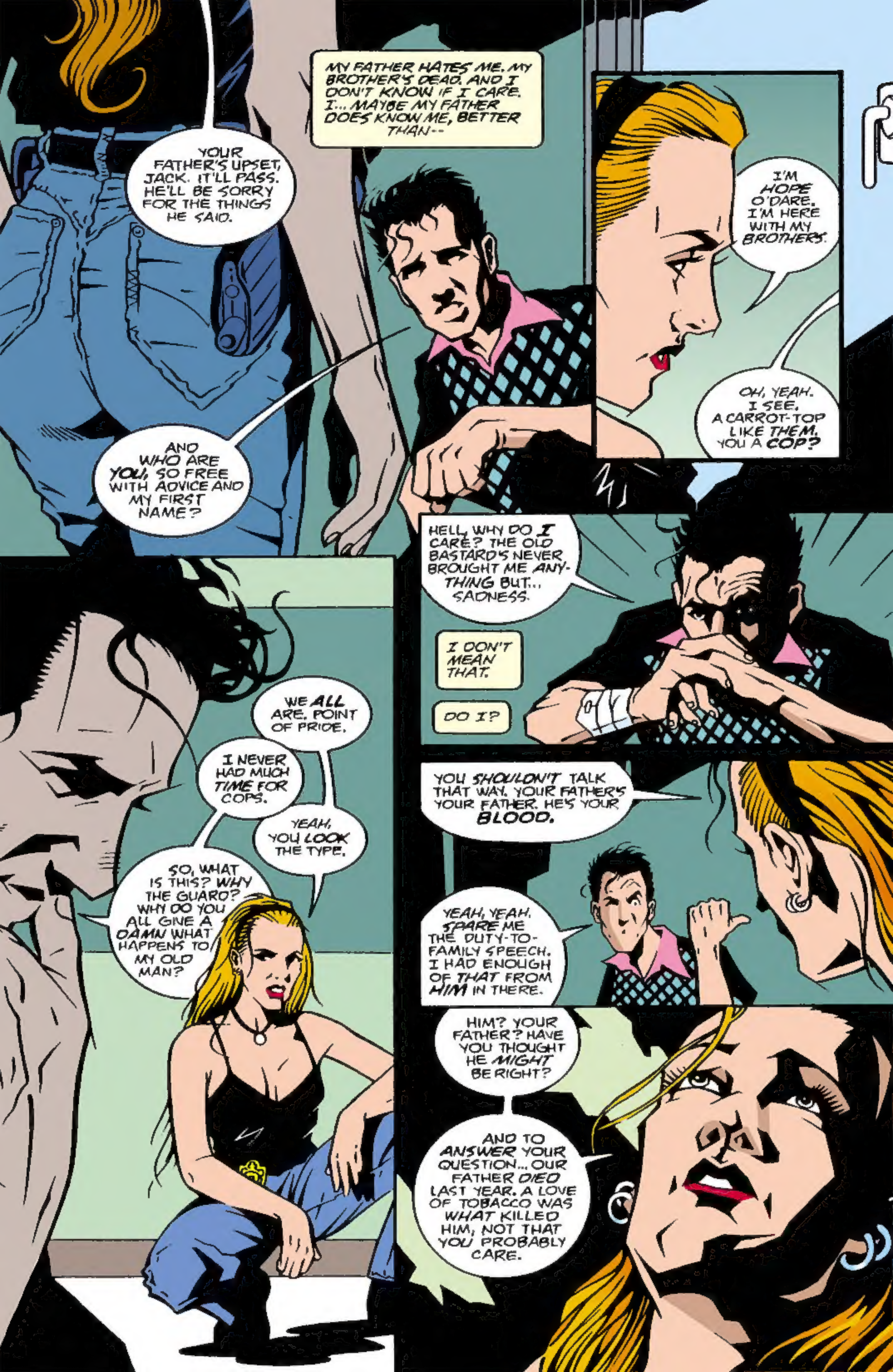


AND NOW YOU ASK WHAT YOU CAN DO. WHY? DUTY? TO THE MEMORY OF A BROTHER YOU NEVER EVEN LIKED TO BEGIN WITH.

DAVID DOESN'T NEED YOU NOW, JACK. HE MAY HAVE NEEDED YOUR SUPPORT AT ONE TIME, WHEN ALL HE GOT WAS SNIDE REMARKS. NOW HE'S BEYOND NEEDING ANYONE'S HELP.

AND... I DON'T NEED YOU, EITHER.





YOUR FATHER'S UPSET, JACK. IT'LL PASS. HE'LL BE SORRY FOR THE THINGS HE SAID.

AND WHO ARE YOU, SO FREE WITH ADVICE AND MY FIRST NAME?

MY FATHER HATES ME. MY BROTHER'S DEAD. AND I DON'T KNOW IF I CARE. I... MAYBE MY FATHER DOES KNOW ME, BETTER THAN--

I'M HOPE O'DARE. I'M HERE WITH MY BROTHERS.

OH, YEAH. I SEE. A CARROT-TOP LIKE THEM. YOU A COP?

HELL, WHY DO I CARE? THE OLD BASTARD'S NEVER BROUGHT ME ANYTHING BUT... SADNESS.

I DON'T MEAN THAT.

DO I?

YOU SHOULDN'T TALK THAT WAY. YOUR FATHER'S YOUR FATHER. HE'S YOUR BLOOD.

YEAH, YEAH. SPARE ME THE DUTY-TO-FAMILY SPEECH. I HAD ENOUGH OF THAT FROM HIM IN THERE.

HIM? YOUR FATHER? HAVE YOU THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE RIGHT?

AND TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION... OUR FATHER DIED LAST YEAR. A LOVE OF TOBACCO WAS WHAT KILLED HIM, NOT THAT YOU PROBABLY CARE.

WE ALL ARE. POINT OF PRIDE.

I NEVER HAD MUCH TIME FOR COPS.

YEAH, YOU LOOK THE TYPE.

SO, WHAT IS THIS? WHY THE GUARD? WHY DO YOU ALL GIVE A DAMN WHAT HAPPENS TO MY OLD MAN?

BUT WHEN HE LINED,  
HE WAS A **COP**. IN FACT,  
THERE'S BEEN AN O'DARE  
IN UNIFORM SERVING OPAL  
CITY SINCE WE FIRST LANDED  
HERE. EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-  
NINE THAT WAS, WHEN THE  
**BASTARD** ENGLISH--



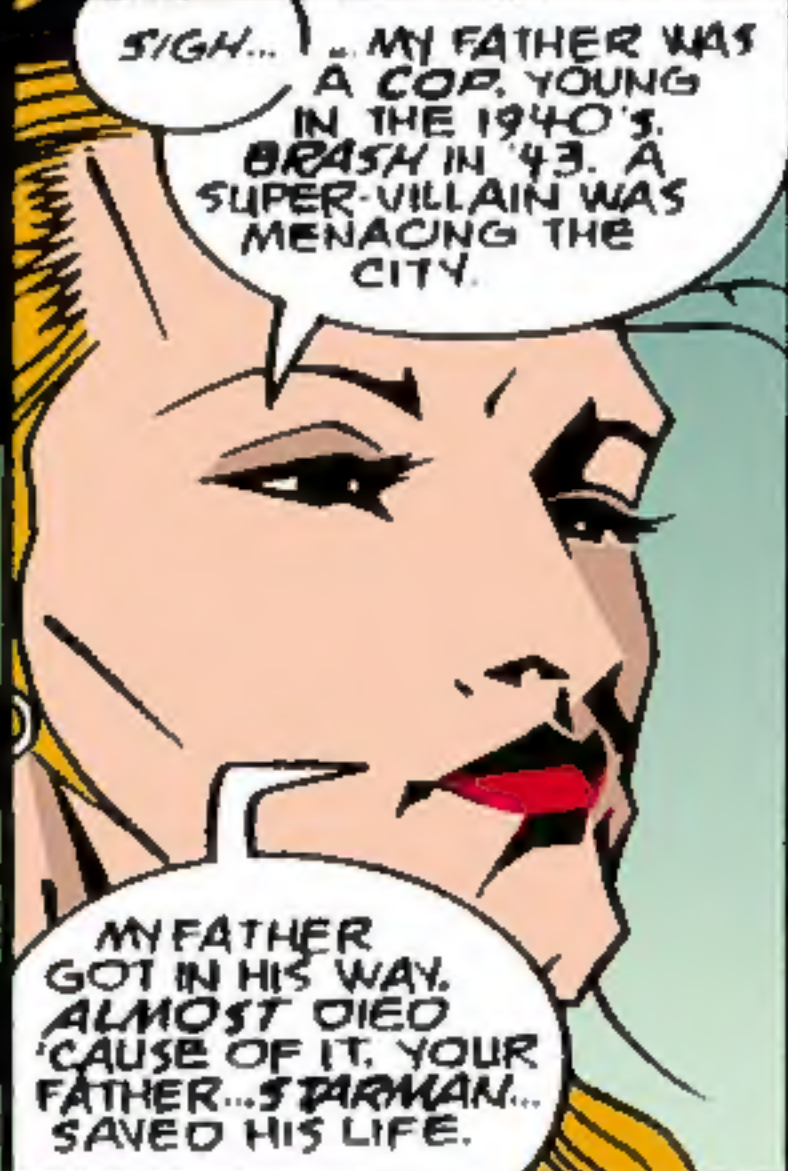
HEY, HEY, HEY... YOU HAVE NO  
**IDEA** HOW MUCH I DO NOT  
WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR  
FAMILY HISTORY AND THE  
POOR, POOR IRISH AND  
THEIR POTATOES AND THEIR  
FAMINES AND ALL, NOT AT  
THIS MOMENT, ANYWAY.



I'VE HAD A **BAD** HAIR DAY. A  
BAD SHOP-BEEN-BLOWN-UP  
DAY. A BAD BROTHER-BEING-  
MURDERED AND MY FATHER-  
THINKS-I'M-SCUM DAY. SO...  
CAN YOU GET TO THE POINT  
AND TELL ME WHY YOU AND  
YOUR BROTHERS ARE HERE?



SIGH... MY FATHER WAS  
A **COP**. YOUNG  
IN THE 1940'S.  
**BRASH** IN '43. A  
SUPER-VILLAIN WAS  
MENACING THE  
CITY.



MY FATHER  
GOT IN HIS WAY.  
ALMOST DIED  
CAUSE OF IT. YOUR  
FATHER... **STARMAN**...  
SAVED HIS LIFE.

DAD NEVER FORGOT THAT.  
HE SWORE HE'D ALWAYS  
BE AROUND WHEN **STARMAN**  
NEEDED HIM. THE SAME  
GOES FOR ME AND MY  
BROTHERS.



I'M  
TOUCHED.  
REALLY, I  
AM.

THOUGH, AT THE SAME TIME,  
I HAVE TO ASK IF YOU'RE  
TOUCHED, ALL OF  
YOU, IN THE  
HEAD, I  
MEAN. ALL  
THIS TALK  
OF DUTY  
AND HONOR  
AND FAMILY  
IS--



AND I HAVE TO ASK IF MAYBE  
YOUR DAD IS RIGHT ABOUT YOU.  
MAYBE YOU ARE A CALLOW,  
GUTLESS--



UH...



UMM... JACK,  
I THINK YOU'D  
BEST COME IN HERE.  
YOUR PA... HE JUST  
RECEIVED A PHONE  
CALL AND... ERR...  
SUDDENLY...

"...THERE'S ALSO  
QUITE A VIEW  
OUTSIDE"

I TOOK BOTH  
YOUR SONS. I TOOK  
YOUR HOME. YOUR  
LABORATORY WAS  
THERE, TOO--SO I  
TOOK YOUR BELOVED  
SCIENCE AS AN  
EXTRA THAT TIME,  
DIDN'T I?

I ORGANIZED  
THE CRIMES THAT  
THE OPAL'S ENJOYING.  
THIS NIGHT, THE  
GANGS. THE LAWLESS.  
THEY WERE THERE,  
WAITING TO BE LED.  
TO BE MARSHALLED  
INTO A FORCE.  
IT WAS EASY

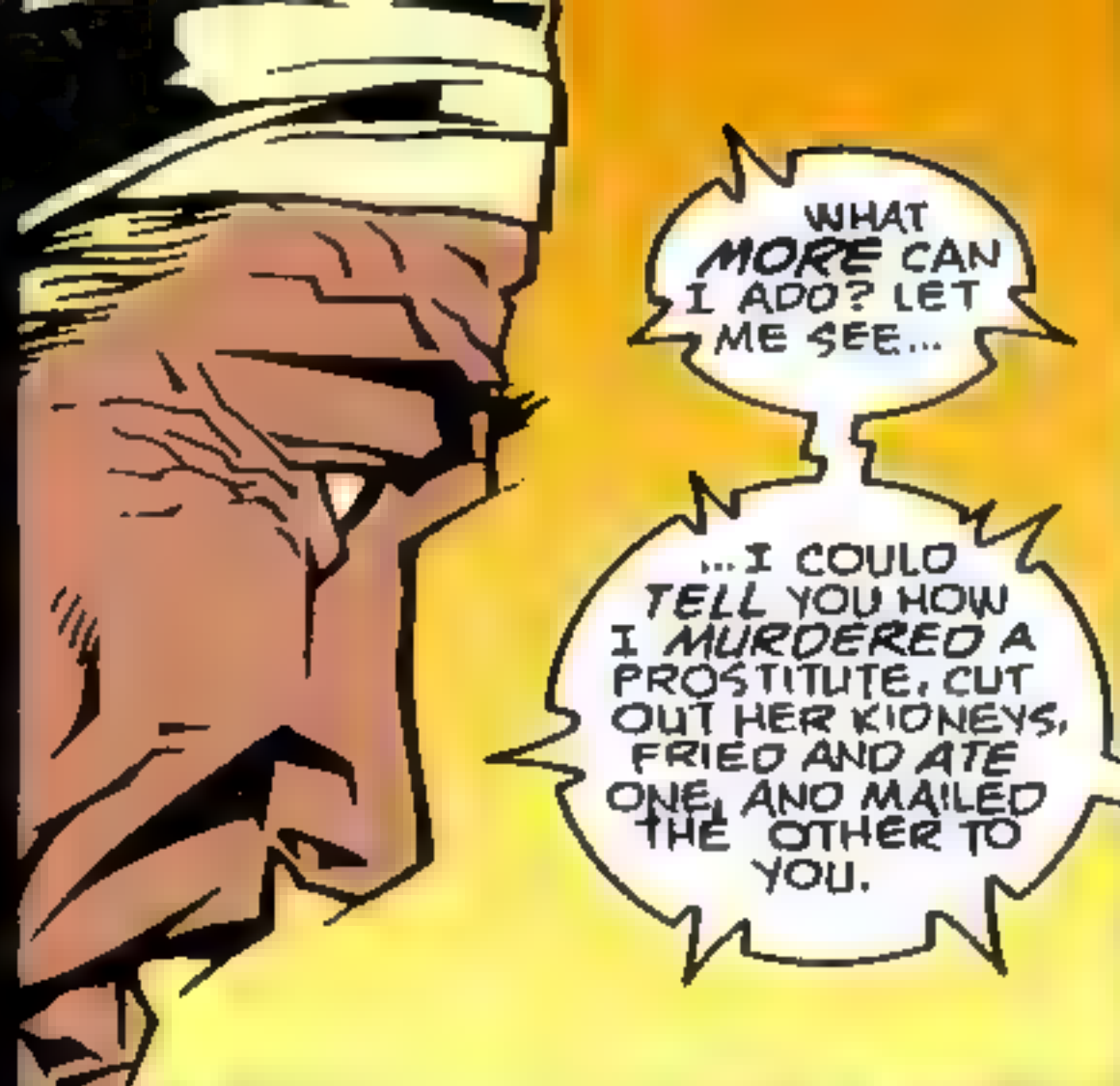
THIS CITY...YOU'VE  
KEPT THE CRIME HERE  
TO A MINIMUM, UNLIKE  
GOTHAM. UNLIKE KEYSTONE  
OR MIDWAY OR METROPOLIS.  
THE CRIMINALS HERE  
SEEMED FEARFUL, SCARED  
OF YOU AND THE POLICE  
AND DOING WRONG.

ONE  
SUPERPOWERED  
CHAMPION. A PART-  
TIME HERO AT  
BEST...AND YET  
YOUR CITY IS  
ONE OF AMERICA'S  
SAFEST.  
STRANGE.

ANYWAY,  
LOOK OUT IF YOU'RE  
BY A WINDOW. SEE  
WHAT THE OPAL IS NOW.  
IT MAY NO LONGER BE  
THE SAFEST, BUT  
TONIGHT,  
AT LEAST...

...IT'S  
CERTAINLY THE  
BRIGHTEST.



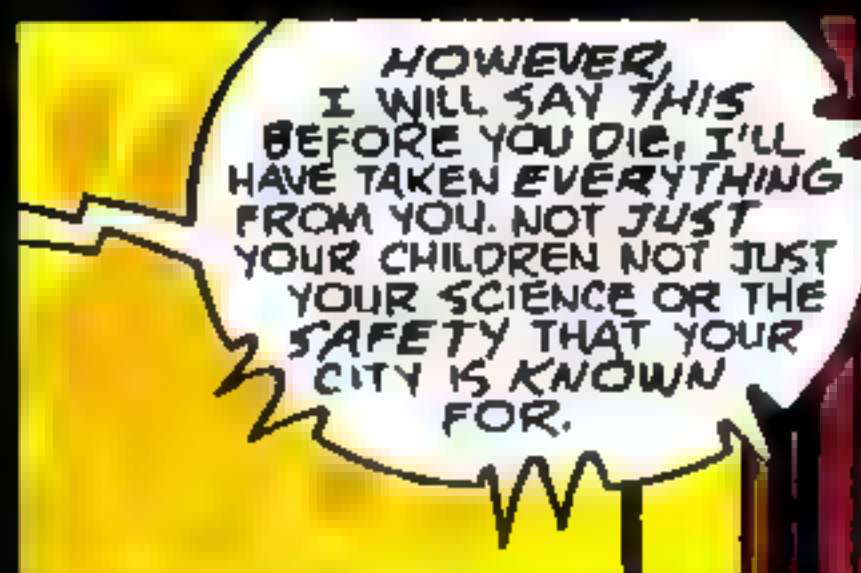


WHAT  
MORE CAN  
I ADD? LET  
ME SEE...

...I COULD  
TELL YOU HOW  
I MURDERED A  
PROSTITUTE, CUT  
OUT HER KIDNEYS,  
FRIED AND ATE  
ONE, AND MAILED  
THE OTHER TO  
YOU.



BUT I'D  
BE LYING.  
HAHA.



HOWEVER,  
I WILL SAY THIS  
BEFORE YOU DIE, I'LL  
HAVE TAKEN EVERYTHING  
FROM YOU. NOT JUST  
YOUR CHILDREN NOT JUST  
YOUR SCIENCE OR THE  
SAFETY THAT YOUR  
CITY IS KNOWN  
FOR.



THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING,  
THEO KNIGHT. BY THE TIME I  
COME TO CLAIM YOUR LIFE, YOU'LL  
THANK ME FOR DOING IT... FOR  
YOU'LL HAVE NOTHING LEFT  
TO LIVE FOR.



THE  
NEXT  
THING...  
THE NEXT  
PART OF  
YOU I'M  
GOING TO  
TAKE...

...IS YOUR  
DEAD WIFE'S  
MEMORY.



YOU DO  
KNOW WHO  
THIS IS, OF  
COURSE, TALKING  
TO YOU NOW?



OF  
COURSE.

GOOD,  
FAREWELL,  
THEN, MY SWEET,  
SWEET FOE.

UNTIL  
I COME  
FOR YOU



WHO WAS--

THE MIST.

I SUPPOSE YOU'D CALL HIM MY ARCHENEMY... IF YOU CARED FOR SUCH HACKNEYED TERMS.

SO WHAT DO WE DO, DAD? I COULD--



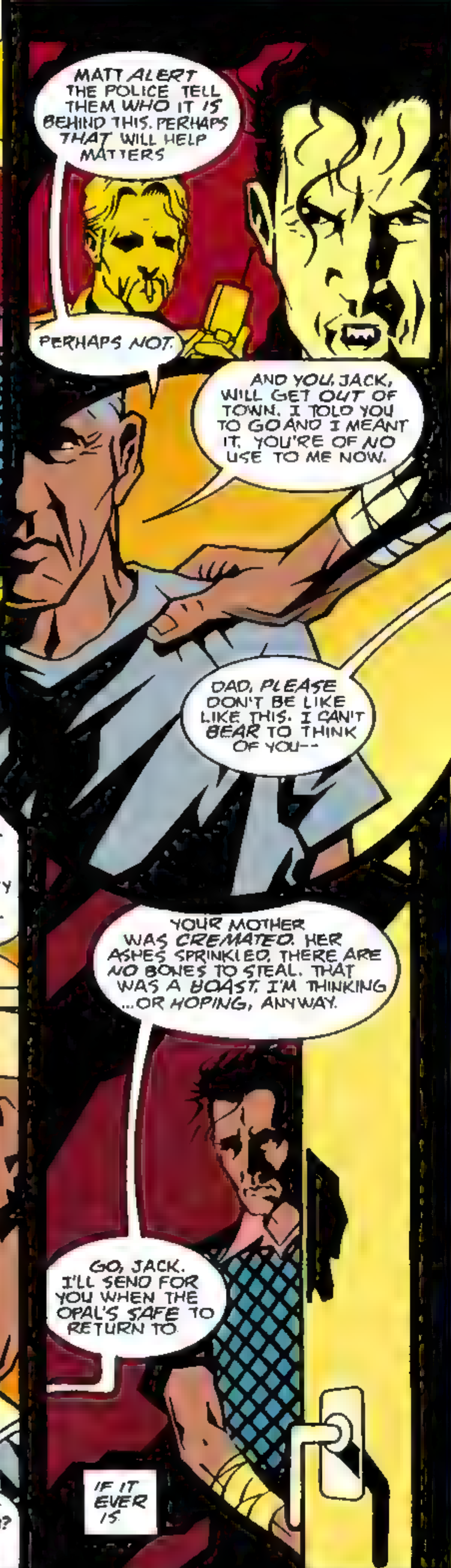
LOOK... SON, THE MIST. HE THINKS YOU'RE DEAD. DIDN'T YOU HEAR HIM SAY HE'D TAKEN BOTH OF MY SONS?

IT'S ME WHO CANNOT BEAR... THE THOUGHT OF LOSING BOTH DAVID... AND YOU.



GO NOW. GET AWAY WHILE YOU CAN. YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT NOT BEING A HERO. I SEE THAT. IT ISN'T FAIR THAT YOU RISK YOUR LIFE FOR THIS. TAKE THE GRAVITY ROD IN CASE THE MIST OR HIS KILLERS SOMEHOW FIND YOU.

BUT WHAT ABOUT MOM? THE MIST SAID--



MATT ALERT THE POLICE TELL THEM WHO IT IS BEHIND THIS. PERHAPS THAT WILL HELP MATTERS

PERHAPS NOT.

AND YOU, JACK, WILL GET OUT OF TOWN. I TOLD YOU TO GO AND I MEANT IT. YOU'RE OF NO USE TO ME NOW.

DAD, PLEASE DON'T BE LIKE LIKE THIS. I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF YOU--

YOUR MOTHER WAS CREMATED. HER ASHES SPRINKLED. THERE ARE NO BONES TO STEAL. THAT WAS A BOAST. I'M THINKING ...OR HOPING, ANYWAY.

GO, JACK. I'LL SEND FOR YOU WHEN THE OPAL'S SAFE TO RETURN TO

IF IT EVER IS

NO  
TIME.  
GET ON  
THE--

BUS IS  
LEAVING  
FOR--

COME  
BACK WHEN  
THINGS--

WHY DO I  
FEEL SO  
BAD?

TWO TICKETS.  
TWO TICKETS.

MY CASE  
I'VE LOST  
MY--

DAD SAID GO. I'M GOING. THE GOOD  
SON, DOING WHAT HIS FATHER TELLS  
HIM. SO WHY DO I FEEL SO BAD?

I'M NOT A SQUEAKY-CLEAN HERO.  
SCIENCE AND SUPER POWERS...MY  
FATHER'S THING. MY BROTHER'S THING

DALT'S BANK, ONE  
OF THE LEADING FINANCIAL  
INSTITUTIONS IN OPAL CITY, THE  
POLICE APPEAR STYMIED BY  
THE PRESENCE OF THE FLYING  
MAN, SO FAR UNIDENTIFIED  
WHO IS EMPLOYING SOME  
KIND OF EMPOWERED BELT  
DEVICE. MANY FATALITIES  
HAVE OCCURRED DURING  
THE STILL ONGOING  
ROBBERY.

TIME  
FILES  
602-10:20  
603-11:20  
604-12:20

BUS

IVY TOWN, FULL OF SECOND-HAND  
DEALERS TO RECOUP MY STOCK  
FROM. RESTART MY BUSINESS.  
COLLEGE COMMUNITY, TOO. COLLEGE  
CHICKS. YEAH THE EVENINGS WILL  
BE JUST  
FINE.

SO WHY  
DO I...

JUST IN. THE OPAL  
COUNTY MUSEUM IS UNDER  
ATTACK. PRIMARILY THE  
ADELE KNIGHT WING IN  
THE WEST OF THE  
STRUCTURE.

THE WING. MY  
MOTHER. HER  
DYING BEQUEST  
TO THE CITY.

HER MEMORY.

POLICE HAVE  
CORDONED OFF  
THE AREA, BUT  
APPEAR UNDER-  
MANNED AND  
UNABLE TO QUELL  
THE DESTRUCTIVE  
HEFT UNTIL FORCES  
OCCUPIED WITH  
THE DALT'S  
ROBBERY ARE  
FREE TO GET  
HERE.

INITIAL  
ATTEMPTS HERE  
TO STOP THIS HAVE  
RESULTED IN  
POLICE AND MUSEUM  
SECURITY  
FATALITIES.

POWERLESS  
UNTIL  
REINFORCE-  
MENTS--

MY BROTHER.  
BEING A HERO  
KILLED HIM.  
I'M... A JUNK  
DEALER..  
WHO'LL LIVE  
TO TELL THE  
TALE. I--

MY BROTHER  
... I...

.I...

...I DON'T BELIEVE  
I'M DOING THIS.





WIND AN' COLD  
DON'T MATTER.

NOR MOON,  
ESPECIALLY NOT  
STARS.

NOT SUGAR AND SPIKE  
COMICS. NOT ROBERT  
MITCHELL MOVIES. NOT  
JADE-ITE DINNERWARE.

NOTHING MATTERS  
BUT GETTING  
THROUGH THIS.

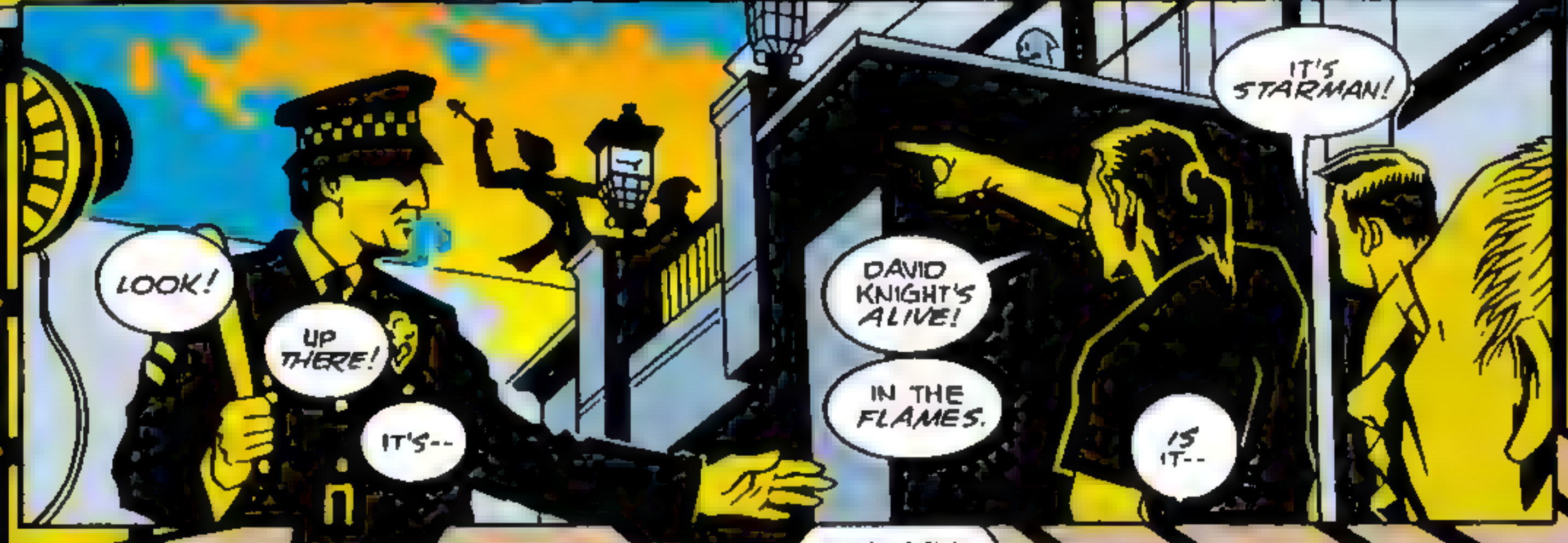
USE BODY. MARTIAL  
TRAINING. NOT JUST  
THE ROD. KEEP  
MOVING.

KEEP  
THINKING.

THOUGHT  
HE--

NH--

NGH



LOOK!

UP  
THERE!

IT'S--

IT'S  
STARMAN!

DAVID  
KNIGHT'S  
ALIVE!

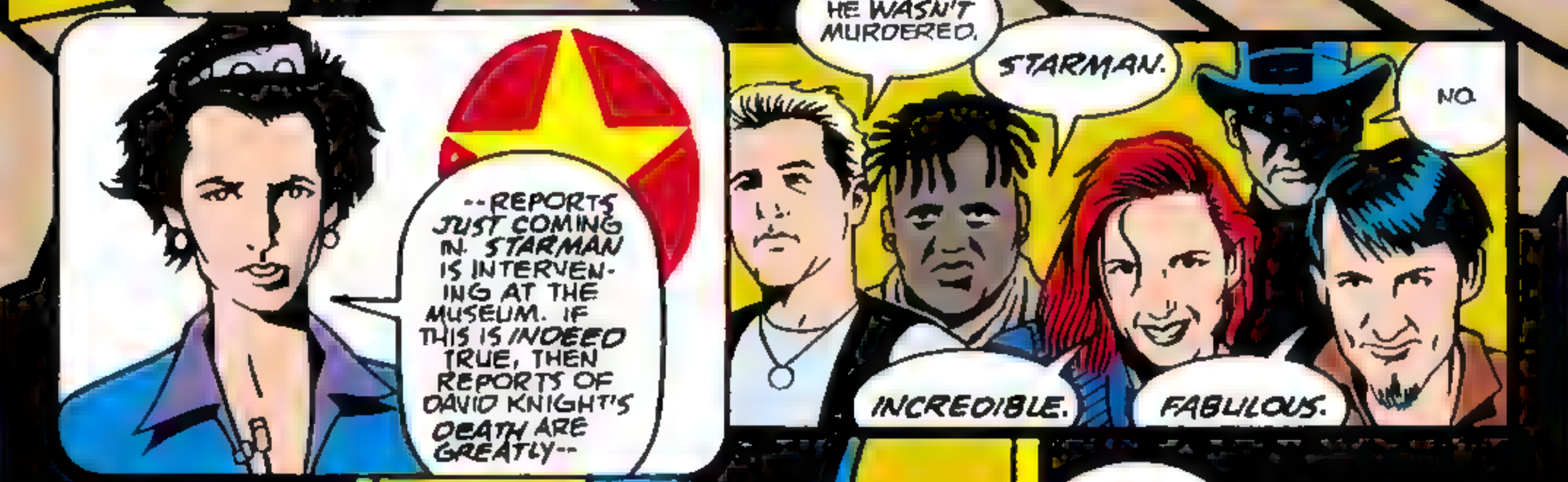
IN THE  
FLAMES.

IS  
IT--

HE WASN'T  
MURDERED.

STARMAN.

NO.



--REPORTS  
JUST COMING  
IN. STARMAN  
IS INTERVEN-  
ING AT THE  
MUSEUM. IF  
THIS IS INDEED  
TRUE, THEN  
REPORTS OF  
DAVID KNIGHT'S  
DEATH ARE  
GREATLY--

INCREDIBLE.

FABULOUS.



THIS IS  
A NEW PLAYER  
I SENSE IT.  
AND I'M  
GUESSING  
I KNOW  
WHO.

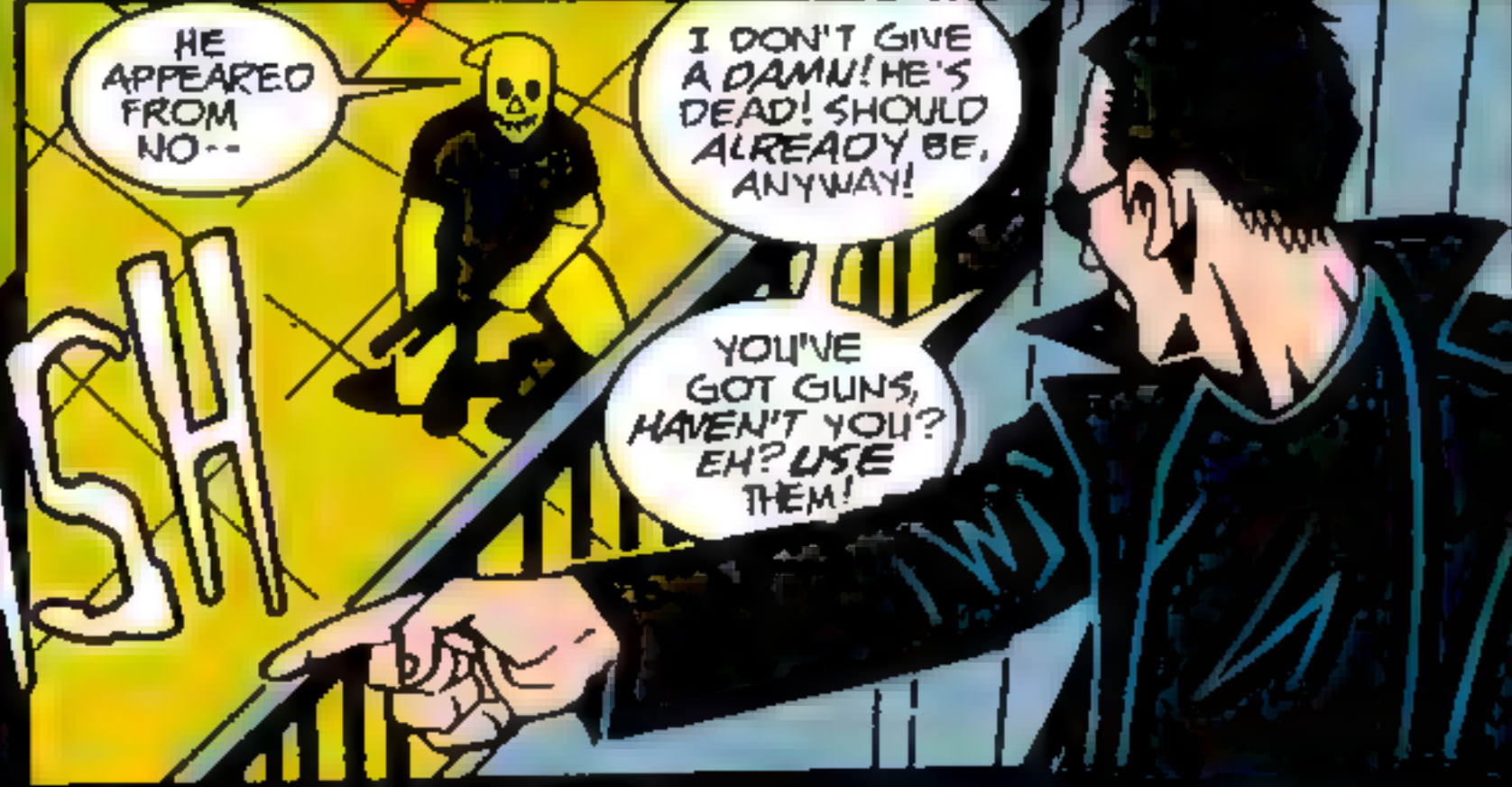
THE  
YOUNGER  
KNIGHT

JACK.





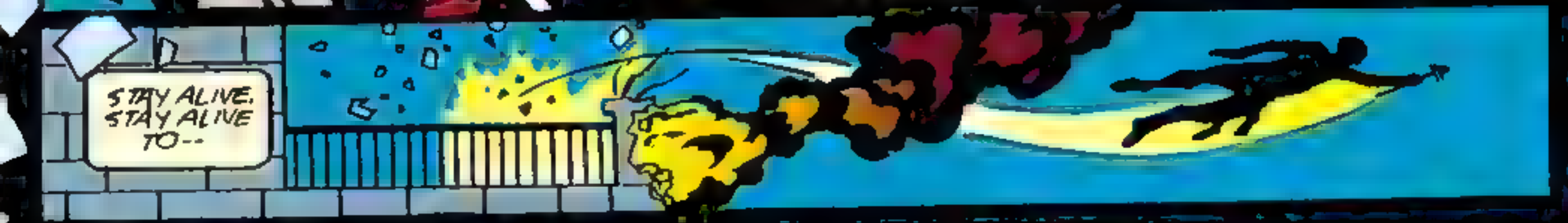
CAN'T I TRUST YOU FOOLS TO DO ANYTHING RIGHT?



HE APPEARED FROM NO--

I DON'T GIVE A DAMN! HE'S DEAD! SHOULD ALREADY BE, ANYWAY!

YOU'VE GOT GUNS, HAVEN'T YOU? EH? USE THEM!



STAY ALIVE. STAY ALIVE TO--





DID YOU SEE? WAS HE HIT?

I THINK I HIT HIM.



NO. IF ANYONE DID, IT WAS ME IF ANYONE DID.

I ..ERR... I... I KNOW HE DROPPED HIS ROD. I... I'M CERTAIN.



YEAH, I'LL BUY THAT. THAT'S GOOD, TOO. IF JACK KNIGHT ISN'T DEAD, AT LEAST HE'S WEAPONLESS.

HE'S GOT TO BE DEAD, THOUGH, AIN'T HE? I MEAN, THAT WAS A FALL AND A HALF HE TOOK THERE.

BULLETS WHIZZING EVERY WHICH WAY'N'ALL. HE'S GOTTA BE CROAKED.

MAYBE HE IS. MAYBE NOT. I... DO NOT INTEND TO GET MY CUFFS WET FINDING OUT.

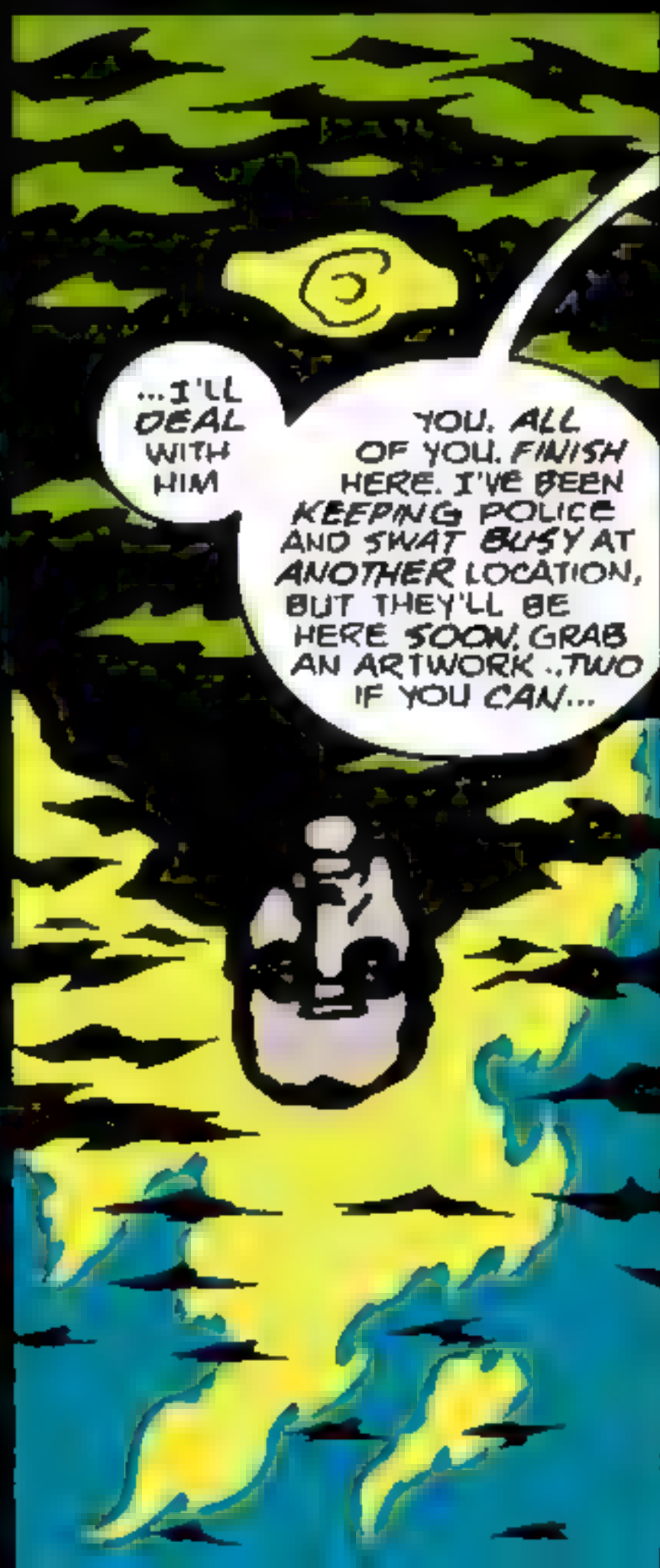


...IF HE'S ALIVE.

IF HE'S AS STUPID AS HIS DEAD BROTHER. IF HE SHOWS HIMSELF AGAIN...

IF... IF... IF...

THEN ..



...I'LL DEAL WITH HIM

YOU. ALL OF YOU. FINISH HERE. I'VE BEEN KEEPING POLICE AND SWAT BUSY AT ANOTHER LOCATION, BUT THEY'LL BE HERE SOON. GRAB AN ARTWORK ..TWO IF YOU CAN...



...AND GET OUT.

THIS IS **CRAZY**,  
TAO. MAN, WE SHOULD  
BE GONE. GET GO, GONE  
BY NOW. THE OTHER'S A  
SPLIT AND THE SIRENS.  
I HEAR'M NOT TOO FAR  
OFF WE SHOULD BE  
OUT.

BUT PEOPLE **DIED**  
TONIGHT. WE GET  
CAUGHT AND WE  
COULD TAKE THE FALL  
FOR ALL O' THAT.

QUIET! YOU GOT  
**BACKBONE**, THEN SHOW  
ME BOTH BY HAULING THE  
STATUE AND BY NOT MOANING  
LOUD LIKE SOME OLD SO-  
AND-SO

OH, YEAH. A FALL IS  
WHAT YOU'LL TAKE IF  
I HAVE TO PUT THIS DOWN  
AND LAY YOU ONE ON THE  
CHOPS, BOY. THIS ART  
COULD MEAN A SWEET  
LIFE IF WE GET IT OUT  
AND AWAY

NO, NO.  
THE DEAR,  
DARLING  
BOY IS  
RIGHT.  
REALLY,  
HE IS

THE POLICE  
ARE ON THEIR WAY.  
THE SWAT TEAMS  
ARE LOADING THEIR  
RIFLES AND DONNING  
THEIR KEVLAR AND  
INFRARED  
GOGGLES. ALL  
VERY RENNY  
HARLIN, I  
MUST SAY.

WHO  
IN THE  
HELL  
ARE--

DON'T  
YOU FEEL  
INTRODUCTIONS  
WOULD BE **PRE-  
MATURE** AND  
**FUTILE**? I CAN'T  
SAY I INTEND  
HAVING COCOA  
WITH EITHER  
OF YOU IN  
THE FUTURE.

I AM  
A MAN  
TORN.

PART OF ME WANTS TO **SNAG**  
A FEW PRETTIES FOR MYSELF.  
THE OTHER PART WANTS TO **KEEP**  
TREASURES, LIKE THOSE YOU TWO  
ARE ESCORTING OUT, THE  
PROPERTY OF OPAL CITY.

A **PERPLEXING** DILEMMA.  
I'M SURE AESTHETICALLY-  
MINDED FELLOWS SUCH  
AS YOURSELF WILL  
SYMPATHIZE WITH  
MY PLIGHT.

WHAT  
TO DO. WHAT  
TO DO.

DO? YOU?  
CREPE STREET  
BOY, I'LL TELL  
YOU WHAT.

**DIE!**  
THAT'S--

SO MUCH FOR  
AESTHETIC  
MINDS.

SO  
WHAT  
GOOD  
WOULD  
KNOWING  
NAMES  
BE?

HMM?

THE **SHADOWY**,  
SHADOWY MAN  
HAS A POWER...  
AND MANY THE  
ALIAS. IN KEYSTONE  
... IN CENTRAL CITY  
THEY KNEW HIM...  
WHEN CRIME WAS  
HIS SPORT OF CHOICE.  
WHEN THE MEN OF  
RED, WHO RAN LIKE  
THE WIND, OPPOSED  
HIM.

"IT'S BEEN A WHILE,"  
THE SHADE THINKS..



"...SINCE I  
HAD NEED TO  
DO THIS."

S'TRICK?  
LIGHT?  
SHADOW.

NO.  
THIS ISN'T...  
CAN'T--


GET A  
GRIP.  
GET YOU  
GUN.

COME ON  
COME ON  
COME ON  
CO...

NONONO  
NONONO  
NO--

BUDOP  
BUDOP  
BUDOP  
BUDOP  
BUDOP

SKILLONMP



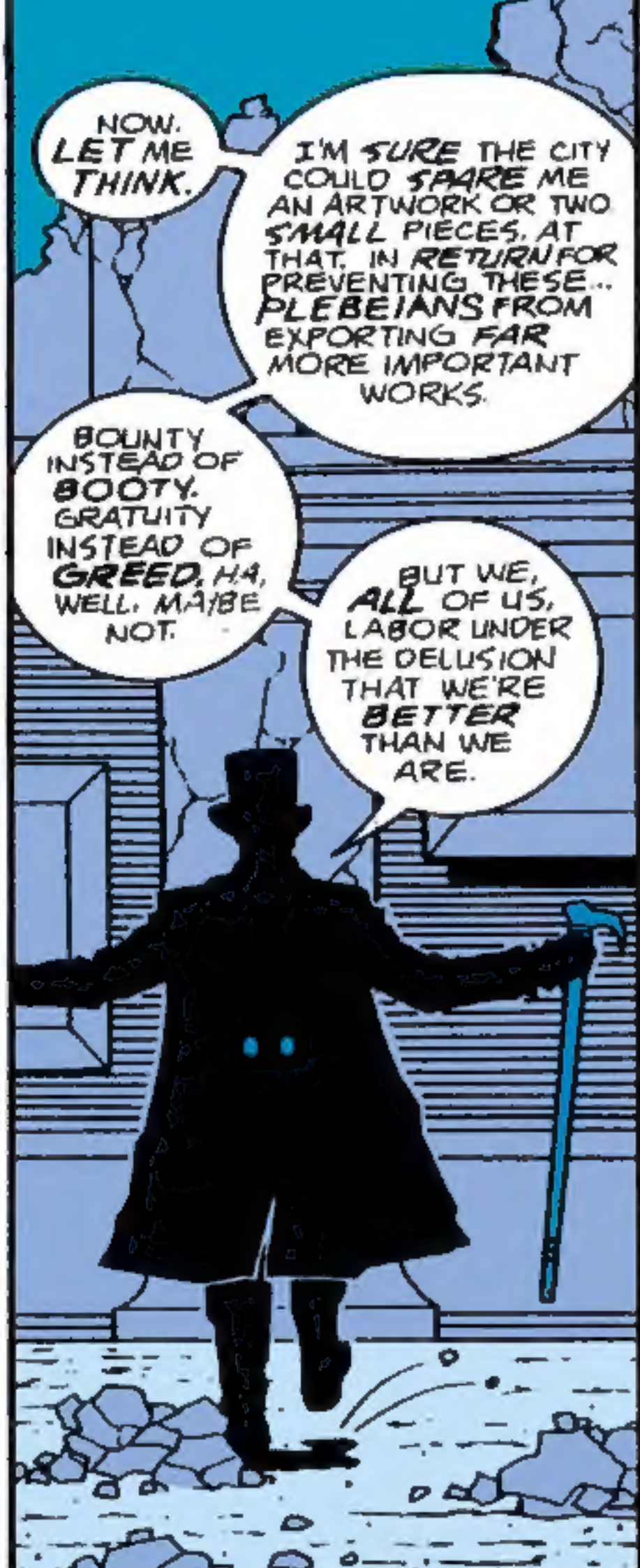
YOU WERE RIGHT, TO BE AFRAID, TOO, MY BOY. MY POWER ISN'T MERELY CREATING ILLUSION FROM SHADOW.

I MAKE THINGS MANIFEST. TERRORS, WHOLE AND HEARTY.



THE CREATURE YOU SAW... THAT YOU'VE REACTED SO... **DRAMATICALLY TO.** IF YOU'D TRIED TO FIGHT, I WOULD HAVE HAD IT DO TO YOU AS IT DID TO YOUR FRIEND.

WHICH WOULD HAVE GIVEN ME NO SMALL AMOUNT OF PLEASURE, I MIGHT ADD.




NOW, LET ME THINK.

I'M SURE THE CITY COULD SPARE ME AN ARTWORK OR TWO SMALL PIECES. AT THAT, IN RETURN FOR PREVENTING THESE... **PLEBEIANS** FROM EXPORTING FAR MORE IMPORTANT WORKS.

BOUNTY INSTEAD OF **BOOTY.** GRATUITY INSTEAD OF **GREED.** HA, WELL, MAYBE NOT.

BUT WE, ALL OF US, LABOR UNDER THE DELUSION THAT WE'RE **BETTER** THAN WE ARE.



OH! AND WHAT TREASURE IS **THIS?**

A PITY YOU'RE DEAD, JACK KNIGHT... THAT YOU CANNOT SEE WHAT I'VE FOUND.

I WONDER... IF... IF YOU HAD LIVED, COULD YOU HAVE BEEN **THAT** WHICH YOUR FATHER AND BROTHER NEVER WERE.

THE **CHAMPION** THIS CITY HAS DESERVED AND BEEN DENIED THESE MANY YEARS. **INDEED,** NOT SINCE THE **NATIVE AMERICAN** LAWMAN DIED.



I WONDER

WE'LL NEVER KNOW, I SUPPOSE.

A SHAME, TOO INDEED...

"...SUCH A SHAME."

MY FATHER  
WAS RIGHT...

BERGEIST

MR. KLAU WAS HERE

888

WONDERED  
TOAST  
MAN  
JAN '92  
SAA

...I'M NOT  
A HERO.

THIS SHOWED IT.  
I DON'T THINK  
LIKE ONE. I DON'T--

FOOL TO EVEN TRY  
WHAT I DID. LOST  
THE GRAVITY ROD.  
YEAH, AND LUCKY I  
DIDN'T LOSE MY  
HEAD ALONG WITH IT.

DAD...WANTED ME TO  
LEAVE TOWN. FINE.  
JUST DON'T THINK I'D  
BE DOING THAT BY  
WAY OF WATER.

IN THE LIGHT OF DAY, I'LL  
SEE HE WAS RIGHT. I CAN'T  
HELP THE OPAL. NEVER  
COULD.



I'M NO STERLING  
SOUL. IT'S BETTER  
TO BE SAFE...ALIVE.  
IN THE LIGHT OF  
DAY, I'LL SEE  
THAT IT'S...

OH, HELL.

IT'S A LONG TIME  
UNTIL DAY... AND  
ITS LIGHT.

I'M GOING  
BACK.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

H:94  
V:1

# Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT  
AWESOME  
LOOKS LIKE".

DCP